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tracting, but it is the really critical patients which occupy the mind of the night nurse all night. In their rooms the lights are left turned low, and the doors open, so that the nurse may easily hear the slightest change of position. Or, if the patient is too ill to move, she does not wait for sounds, but every spare moment the nurse spends beside the bed, closely observant of the expression of the face and the character of the pulse, always looking for a change and hoping it may be for the better. Everything is being done that can be done.

The change usually comes between twelve and four o'clock, for better or for worse. If for the better, what joy and satisfaction is felt from the night of work and watching! It would have been worth many times the amount of labor to help save that patient's life. If for the worse, it is sad, although all know that the doctors and nurses have done all in their power. They realize how limited is their power in prolonging life. All human efforts are useless against the inevitable.

What a change comes with morning! The shadowy fears and dread flee with the night. As the sun wakens life one wonders how night could make such a difference to us and everything around us.

NURSING A HARD, HOPELESS CASE

By JOSEPHINE A. VANDERGON

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THERE are many incidents recorded in history and current events of workmen who need not be ashamed. To my mind it makes a difference whether or not the workman expects his work to be examined. If not, and his endeavors are just the same, then we recognize true worth.

What worldly glory is there in nursing a hard, tedious, hopeless case, that physicians have lost all interest in and given up? Perhaps, too, it is going to cost you several years of your life, and you fail to see any reward in the way of appreciation, or in the way of anything—except severe criticism—awaiting you.

But some nurse must take the case! This irritable, suffering, nervous wreck requires a well-trained, conscientious, and tactful nurse. You are urged to take the case, and decide to do your best, just as you have always done, and involuntarily you murmur, "And if I quake, what matters it if I quake." Then you begin your battle.

First of all you realize that you must take an interest and show an interest, and you must carry brightness and sunshine to this desperately

discouraged individual, as well as be an inspiration not only to your patient, but to the gloomy relatives as well.

Also, you must ever be keenly awake to the scientific way of caring for your charge, and you must keep in touch with all the new methods and latest theories, and in spite of your sympathy and sincerity, you cannot afford to lose one atom of your professional bearings.

All this takes thought and energy—it takes more! To be in a sick room, working with all your soul and strength over one of God's poor suffering creatures, all day and all night, and again the next day and the next night, and so on for weeks, with only occasional relief,—takes more than ordinary courage!

Of course, in a case of this nature, hypodermic injections may be the means by which both nurse and patient may enjoy some rest. But they are not always satisfactory; and sometimes your patient has already become addicted to a strength greater than seems wise to give, so that you cannot get the desired result. Besides, there are many reasons why we are careful in administering drugs, even to our hopeless cases.

And your work goes on. There may be times when your patient expects you to converse intelligently; and again the hardest kind of manual work is demanded of you. One moment you are singing a lullaby, or softly voicing a prayer, and the following moment you may be skillfully manipulating a set of muscles or dressing some very disagreeable looking wounds. Then you make the bed without disturbing your patient in the slightest, and arrange his pads and pillows so that you think only perfect comfort ought to be; but still the forlorn, emaciated, or bloated body before you rebels, and you rearrange everything, and, finally, the sixth time perhaps, your charge smiles faintly and admits that he is comfortable. His nourishment is overdue, as well as several other things, and you are more than blamed, but still you smile and let only words of cheer escape your lips, all the while planning to accomplish the most and best in the simplest, truest, and most effectual way.

But there are times when you are weary, so weary and so full of aches that you cannot keep the tears back. It is then that you should venture out into the open. "Into the sunshine, soft and warm and bright." And then—Oh, what a rest! And such a revelation! Every flower and every blade of grass and every bird responds to your wistful glance, and whispers messages of love and joy and rest. All nature inspires you with new hope, so that when you return to your work, you find the old song in your heart is still beautiful, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these," and "The only real pay a nurse ever gets is the satisfaction in her own mind that she has done her best."